

Pomeroy Weekly Telegraph.

THOMAS U. WHITE,

VOLUME VIII.

Pomeroy Weekly Telegraph.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

THOMAS U. WHITE.

Office in first story of Bissell's Building, near the Sugar Run Stone Bridge, Pomeroy, Ohio.

All applications for Subscription, Advertising and Job work should be made at the office.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE YEAR 1865.

For paid in Advance, \$2; if paid within the year, \$2.50; thereafter, \$3.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
1st	1.00	1.25	1.50	1.75	2.00	2.25	2.50	2.75	3.00	3.25
2nd	2.00	2.25	2.50	2.75	3.00	3.25	3.50	3.75	4.00	4.25
3rd	3.00	3.25	3.50	3.75	4.00	4.25	4.50	4.75	5.00	5.25
4th	4.00	4.25	4.50	4.75	5.00	5.25	5.50	5.75	6.00	6.25
5th	5.00	5.25	5.50	5.75	6.00	6.25	6.50	6.75	7.00	7.25
6th	6.00	6.25	6.50	6.75	7.00	7.25	7.50	7.75	8.00	8.25
7th	7.00	7.25	7.50	7.75	8.00	8.25	8.50	8.75	9.00	9.25
8th	8.00	8.25	8.50	8.75	9.00	9.25	9.50	9.75	10.00	10.25
9th	9.00	9.25	9.50	9.75	10.00	10.25	10.50	10.75	11.00	11.25
10th	10.00	10.25	10.50	10.75	11.00	11.25	11.50	11.75	12.00	12.25

Legal advertisements charged at rates allowed by law.

Advertisements not having the number of insertions marked on copy, will be continued until notified, and charged accordingly.

All communications and notices will be charged in proportion, excepting obituary and marriage notices, which to subscribers will be gratuitous for five lines or less; over five lines will be subject to the usual charge. Religious notices of free trade or less will be charged gratuitously.

All advertisements, to insure insertion, must be brought in before the Tuesday morning prior to the day of publication.

Business Cards.

T. A. PLANTS.

Attorney and Counselor at Law, Pomeroy, Ohio.

Office at the office of the Sugar Run Salt Co.

Attorney and Counselor at Law, Pomeroy, Ohio.

Office in Court House.

E. HUTTON.

County Surveyor, and Attorney at Law, Pomeroy, Ohio.

Office in Court House, Pomeroy, Ohio.

T. W. HAMPTON.

Attorney and Counselor at Law, Cheshire, Gallia County, Ohio.

Prompt attention given to the collection of claims.

N. G. P. SIMPSON.

Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Pomeroy, Ohio.

Office up stairs in the Court House.

MARTIN BAYS.

Attorney-at-Law, Harrisonville, Meigs Co., O.

Will promptly attend to all business that may be entrusted to his care, in the several State Courts of Ohio and in the U. S. Court for the Northern and Southern Districts of Ohio.

SUGAR RUN SALT COMPANY.

Salt 35 cents per bushel. Office near the Furnace.

POMEROY SALT COMPANY.

Salt 35 cents per bushel.

W. A. AICHER.

Watchmaker and Jeweler, and wholesale and retail dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Goods, Front street, below the "Housing House," Pomeroy. Particular attention paid to repairing all articles in my line.

F. LYMAN.

Painter and Glazier, back room of P. Lam Gresham's Jewelry Store, west side Court street, Pomeroy, O.

A. KOHL.

Dealer in and Manufacturer of Umbrellas, Court St., 2d door from Front, Pomeroy, Ohio. He also repairs Umbrellas, and purchases old ones at liberal prices.

May 8, 1865.—3-1-16.

LEWIS PAINE.

CLAIM AGENT.

POMEROY, OHIO.

Will attend promptly to Collecting Bounties, Money, Arrears of Pay, and Pensions due to Disabled and Discharged Soldiers, and the Widows of deceased soldiers.

Office in the Court House.

W. H. LASLEY, Pomeroy, Ohio.

CLAIM AGENT.

Will attend promptly to the Collection of just claims against the Government.

PENSIONS, BOUNTIES.

Arrears of Pay, value of Horses and other Property, lost while in the Service, etc., etc.

Office in Court House.

A. SEEBOHM.

DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY.

DEALER IN OILS, PAINTS, BRUSHES, Varnishes, Dye-stuffs, Perfumery, and Fancy Articles.

Front Street, Pomeroy, Ohio.

Prescriptions carefully put up. Jan. 7-1-1.

POMEROY IRON COMPANY.

POMEROY, OHIO.

Keep constantly on hand and make to order all sizes of the celebrated

POMEROY IRON.

Orders filled on short notice.

7-11-16.

DENTISTRY.

DR. D. C. WHITLEY, Dentist.

Office on Court Street, on corner below McQuibbin & Smith's Hardware Store. Work warranted.

T. U. WHITE, Jr., & Co.

WHOLESALE GROCERS.

Commission Merchants.

No. 24, EAST SECOND STREET, CINCINNATI, O.

Dealers in Salt, Fish, Dried Fruits, Nuts, Butter, Lard, Bacon, Canned Fruits, Sausages and Liabing Canned Dried Goods.

General Commission Merchants, No. 7 East Front Street, Cincinnati.

DR. D. MAYER.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

All calls on either side of the river will be carefully attended to.

Poetry.

A Poem Recited by Mr. Lincoln.

To the Editors of the Evening Post:

I have been urged by several friends to send you the enclosed poem, written down by myself from Mr. Lincoln's lips, and although it may not be new to all of your readers, the events of the past week give it now a peculiar interest.

The circumstances under which this copy was written are these: I was with the President alone one evening in his room, during the time I was painting my large picture at the White House, last year. He began to talk to me of Shakespeare. He sent me "The Merchant of Venice" to bring a copy of the plays, and then read to me several of his favorite passages, showing genuine appreciation of the great poet. Relapsing into a sadder strain, he laid the book aside, and leaning back in his chair, said:

"There is a poem that has been a great favorite with me for years, which was first shown to me when a young man by a friend, and which I afterward saw cut out from a newspaper and handed by heart. I would," he continued, "give a great deal to know who wrote it, but have never been able to ascertain. Then, half closing his eyes, he repeated to me the lines which I enclose to you. Greatly pleased and interested, I told him I would like, if ever an opportunity occurred, to write them down from his lips. He said he would sometime try to give them to me. A few days afterward, he asked me to accompany him to the sculptor's studio of Mr. Swaney, the sculptor, who was making a bust of him at the Treasury Department. While he was sitting for the bust I was suddenly reminded of the poem, and said to him that then would be a good time to dictate it to me. He complied, and sitting on some books at his feet, as near by as I can remember, I wrote the lines down, one by one, from his lips.

With great regard, very truly yours,

F. B. CARPENTER.

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Like a faded flower, a fast-flying cloud,

A flash of lightning, a moment's glow,

He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,

Be scattered around and together be laid;

And the young and the old, and the low and the high,

Shall molder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;

The mother that with affection who proved;

The husband that mother and infant who loved,

Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne;

The brow of the priest that the altar hath worn;

The eyes of the sage and the heart of the brave,

Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;

The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;

The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,

Have passed away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed,

So the multitude comes, even those we behold,

To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;

We see the same sights our fathers have seen—

We drink the same stream and view the same sun,

And the thoughts of our fathers have run.

The thoughts of our fathers have run.

From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;

To the life we are clinging our fathers would cling;

But it speaks for us all, like a bird on the wing:

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;

They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;

They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers

They died, yet they died; we things that are

They died, yet they died; we things that are

That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,

And that dwell in their dwellings a transient abode,

Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage

Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,

We mingle together in sunshine and rain,

And the smile and tear, the song and the sigh,

Still follow each other, like surges upon the shore.

Still follow each other, like surges upon the shore.

The wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath;

From the gilded saloon to the birch and the shroud;

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

New lines by Dr. Stronck. The following

verses composed by Rev. T. H. Stockton,

D. D., were sung to the tune of Old Hundred

at an immense concourse of people at the

steps of Independence Hall, Philadelphia,

at the celebration in honor of the recent news

from Richmond:

Now let all hearts and voices raise,

From earth to Heaven, Jehovah's praise,

And thank His goodness in this great hour,

And thank Him long as time shall last.

Assassinations in History.

The early annals of the British monarchy

are so stained with the blood of Sovereigns

and of Princes, that we scarcely know where

to begin, in selecting examples of assassina-

tion. We pass in silence many violent deaths,

by the dagger, by poison, or by starvation in

prison, and come down to the reign of the

Second Edward, A. D. 1327. This weak and

irresolute monarch, the King was cruelly

assassinated by his two keepers, Mantravers

and Somerton. The manner of his death was

so savage, inhuman and revolting, that the

people, notwithstanding the barbarism of the

age and the King's own unpopularity, com-

plained his executors to quit the kingdom

to save their lives.

Richard was the next English monarch

who died by violence. He was starved to

death, or otherwise murdered, in the Castle of

Pomfret, in 1399, after having been deposed

by Parliament. It was in his reign that the

insurrection of Wat Tyler broke out, and

Shakespeare puts into the mouth of this monarch,

those memorable lines upon assassination

in high places:

"For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,

And tell sad stories of the death of Kings;

How some have been deposed, some slain in war,

Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed,

Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping

killed,

All manner of death, for within the hollow crown,

That rounds the mortal temples of a King,

Keeps death his court."

The assassination of James I. of Scotland,

which took place in 1437, was an atrocious

murder, avenged soon after by a scarcely less

atrocious execution of the assassins. It was

the fruit of a conspiracy, set on foot by Sir

Robert Graham, who had been banished by

the King. He chose for his execution, a sea-

son of public festivity, which the King, sur-

rounded by the nobles and beauties of the

Court, was celebrating at the Monastery of

Blackfriars, in Perth. This magnificent edifice

had been the scene of gaiety for weeks, and

on the night fixed for the King's murder,

the amusements of the Court were kept up

until long after midnight. The gay and accom-

plished courtiers, who had joined in the dance,

and the music, were now called for the parting

cup, and were just retired to their own apart-

ments, when a loud knocking was heard at the

door. The King, who was in a kind of re-

verie, and was just retiring to his apartment,

was suddenly seized by the Queen and her

ladies. Suddenly he heard a loud noise

in the Court, as of the clashing of armor, and

the gloomy flashing of torches glared from

without through the rooms. Heavy footsteps

were heard along the gallery. A page in the

act of carrying some wine to the King and

Queen, first saw the conspirators in the pas-

sage, and shouted out, "Traitors!" and was

instantly stabbed to the heart by one of them.

They then rushed toward the King's apart-

ment with axes, swords, and other weapons.

One of them rushed upon the King with a

dagger, but James, though unarmed, grappled

him by the shoulders, and dashed him violent-

ly to the ground. A second assassin, who

King seized by the hair of his head, and was

strong was his grasp, fighting for his life, he

retained the marks of the throttling they

had received, long after. Yet in vain did

James attempt to wrest a dagger from either

Graham, the King's implacable enemy, now

entered the apartment, and with furious ex-

ultation, pointed his dagger at the King's

head. James, whose hands had been cut by

the dagger, now turned to the King and

implored for mercy, as further resistance was

vain. Graham was deaf to his supplications,

and every baron and chief in the High Court

unhappy monarch, then begged for a confes-

sion. "No," said Graham, "no confessor

shall thou have; this dagger," and thus say-

ing, he plunged the weapon into the King's

body, who fell to the floor, amid the shrieks of

the Queen and other ladies. The remaining

conspirators now rushed, with fiendish malig-

nity, to stab the fallen King, even after he

was dead, so that the number of mortal

wounds were found in his breast alone.

The alarm was now given in the town, and

the citizens, with the King's servants, rushed

into the monastery, where too late, to defend

their sovereign. The red glare of torches, and

loud threats of vengeance, burst upon the

midnight fugitives, who, struck with dismay,

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